People Like Us

Swans

We're drifting goodbye On a rust-colored cloud Oh fallopian friends Abandon us nowOur systems are full Of bones ground to dust The sky shows a bruise Where our fingers have touchedCome suck on this vine It tangles and nets Come swallow the wine We squeezed from our breastThe ocean is shifting We're sailing amok The methane is rising To heaven above We're tracing our shapeOn the walls of your house We're surfing the sand That spills from your mouth We're calling for more Cause nothing is left The words are all gone There's more to be saidSend us away On ships made of silk Send us to fly Black skies washed with milk People like us We need a dream to escape People like us We need to sleep to awake

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